

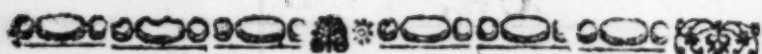
THE 13
Welch Traveller;

OR, THE
Unfortunate Welchman.

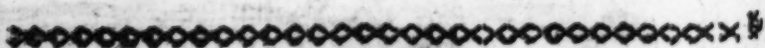
By HUMPHREY CORNISH.

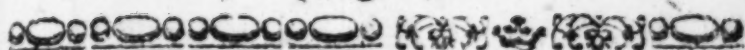


Newcastle Printed in this present Year.



*If any Gentleman do but want a Man,
As I doubt not but there's some, why then,
I have a Welchman, tho' but meanly clad,
Will make him merry, be he ne'er so sad.
If that you read it, read it quite o'er I pray,
And you'll not think your Penny cast away.*





THE

Welch Traveller;

OR, THE

Unfortunate *Welchman*.

IN this dull Age to recreate
 the Minds of Friends and Strangers,
 Hur tells hur of hur evil Fate,
 and hur unlook'd-for Dangers:
 Was travel over Mountains high,
 and in the Vallies low,
 Was see great Wonders in the Sky,
 that little others know:
 Hur was a *Welch* Astrologer,
 was tell of Matters strange;
 So deep was learn'd, was tell to hur
 how oft the Moon doth change;
 Was tell hur of a Shepherd's Star,
 of Wonders old and new.
 If hur have Peace, hur have no War,
 all this hur prove is true.
 Was tell her too in loving Words,
 Things shall be as before,
 When *Englishmen* lay down their Swords,
 and men to fight no more:

But all these Things hur would pass by,
 as Matters light and small;
 Hur knows not hur own Destiny,
 and that's the worst of all:
 For as hur gaz'd on the Sky,
 for want of better Wit,
 Poor Taffy fell immediately
 into a great deep Pit:
 Had not a Shepherd stood hur Friend,
 and help hur quickly out,
 Hur surely there had made an End,
 hur makes no other Doubt.
 Hur gave hur Thanks, the Shepherd then
 spake to hur when 'twas meet,
 Bid hur and other such like Men
 look better to hur Feet.
 No more Astroliger I pray,
 Was glad hur Life was sav'd;
 Hur soberly walk on hur Way,
 and Food was all hur crav'd.
 O hur was both hungry and cold,
 hur Strength began to fail,
 Hur had no Silver nor no Gold,
 hur tells hur what hur ail:
 Hur sold hur lousie Sherken then,
 but one poor Great was given:
 Oh! hur was then a Shentleman,
 hur thought hur was in Heaven;
 For hur had Money for to buy
 Victuals for one Meal,

That hur might not for Hunger die,
 nor yet be forc'd to steal.
 Into an Ale-house went hur straight,
 where an old Wife did live;
 Who sold them at too dear a Rate,
 and nothing had to give.
 Hur sat hur down and call'd for Meat,
 hur Hostels gave hur Eggs;
 And Shickens in them, O base Jade,
 these Shickens they had Legs:
 Hur Chickens and hur Eggs did stink,
 hur could no longer stay;
 Had they been living sure, sure hur think
 they would have run away.
 Hur best Eggs that were in hur Dish
 that had no Sheeks were rotten;
 And she brought hur stinking Fish,
 which hur hath not forgotten.
 Hur cast hur Eggs, hur Fish and all
 unto hur Hostels Face;
 And then to spewing hur did fall,
 was in a piteous Case.
 Hur Hostels cry'd out pitiously,
 and call'd hur Son in Law;
 Who beat Taffy pitiously,
 the like hur never saw.
 Those heavy Blows hur still doth feel,
 was laid on hur alas!
 As if hur Body had been Steel,
 and Bones were made of Brass.

The cruel Blows did hur perceive,
 from that hard hearted Elf,
 Was tell hur if hur give hur Leave
 made hur bewary hurself:
 Was tell hur how hurself was freed,
 was tain to use hur Wit;
 With all Dexterity and Speed,
 was well hur was beshit.
 Was put hur Hands into my Brecks,
 and pull'd from off hur Thighs.
 A Thing was made of Cheese and Leeks,
 and cast it in hur Eyes:
 Hur Son was blind, hur Mother blind:
 no Boot for hur to stay,
 Hur left a filthy Stink behind,
 and so hur run away.
 Was glad was gone from them two Devils,
 from Son and the old Hag,
 In midst of all these woful Evils,
 there's none had Cause to brag,
 My Bones did ake, their Eyes did Smart,
 and such a Strink was here,
 Which men could not with all their Arts
 make sweet in half a Year.
 But now hur knows not what to do.
 hur Hunger to suffice;
 At length with walking to and fro,
 an Apple Tree espies:
 The Apples did so lovely look,
 did move her unto Laughter,

No Delays then could her brook,
 hur Shaps so much did water;
 Up into the high Tree hur gets,
 the Owner came anon,
 Made hur almost beside hur Wits,
 a cruel Fight began;
 The Man at hur did throw great Stones,
 and hur did Apples cast;
 The Stones did to be hump hur Bones
 that down hur fell at last.
 When hur was down, mark what befel,
 hur Hostess and hur Son
 Came running when their Eyes were well,
 beholding what was done:
 He took hur up, was almost dead,
 they laughed out amain,
 They cuffed hur, and thus they said,
Was hope hur had been slain.
 They Counsel took and did agree,
 more Mischief did befal,
 They said they'd hang hur on a Tree,
 and I must pay for all.
 To escape from this ungodly Train
 it was hur chief Desire,
 Hur cry'd out with both Might and Main,
Tour Houses are on Fire:
 A gallant Trick it was of mine
 for to escape hur Foes;
 A Man was singeing of a Swine,
 from whence the Smoke arose.

They run with Speed to quench the Fire
 that never was begun:
 And glad was hur they did retire,
 that hur away might run:
 Over the Hill and over Dale,
 till hur was almost spent;
 At last her Legs began to fail,
 which wrought hur Discontent:
 And then into a Hedge hur crept,
 thinking to take a Nap;
 And then hur sat hur down and wept,
 lamenting hur Mafhap:
 At last a handfom Man came by,
 with him a pretty Lafs;
 These Lovers did not him efpy,
 but fat down on the Grafs.
 He to the Maid a Ring did give,
 which she did well accept;
 And with a Kifs did hur believe,
 and close unto him crept:
 This Ring it seems did prove fo wide,
 which gallantly did shine,
 From off hur Finger it did flide,
 and fo at laft was mine.
 This Ring hur much did think upon,
 they minded more their Play;
 So when thefe Lovers they were gone,
 hur found it where it lay.
 Hur put it into hur Poke,
 And hur went amain;

For why, hur was afraid those Folks
would quick return again.

Now hur had got a gay Gold Ring,
hur knew not where to hide;

It was a fine brave gallant Thing,
was puff hur up with Pride.

But Fortune often plays the Jade,
she's seldom constant known;

For why, at last hur was betray'd,
hur could not keep hur own:

For going through a Town he wot,
amongst some ill bred Curs;

Hur shew'd it to a cheating Trot,
who said the Ring was hurs.

Cotsplooteranails, was tell a Lie,
hur find it was hur Want;

But she us'd such Extremity,
which wrought hur Discontent.

Before a Justice brought her then,
and there hur kept such Stirs;

The Justice said before all Men
that sure the Ring was hurs.

Hur call'd the Justice great Boobee,
then hur receiv'd some Knocks;

The Justice made no more ado
but sent hur to the Stocks:

The Boys did jeer hur to hur Face,
and call'd hur Thief and Knave;

Was it not a great Disgrace,
that Boys should hur out brave.

Now

Now hur bath mark'd what hath been past,
 now mark'd but this one Thing,
 The Man and Maid came by at last
 that lost this gay Gold Ring:
 How glad was hur then in the End,
 though hur was but a Thief,
 Hur hop'd that hur would stand hur Friend,
 to ease hur of hur Grief:
 Hur Shentleman hur pray hur stay,
 and likewise hur fair Maid,
 Did not hur lose hur fine Gold Ring?
 regard hur what hur said:
 They wondred how he came to know
 how she should lose the Ring,
 Nor did they know what they should do
 for to regain this Thing.
Have you the Ring, kind Man? quoth they,
Tell us if that you took it.
 Hur had the Ring as hur may say,
 but now hur may go look for it,
 A Woman cheated hur of it,
 hur kept such grievous Scurs,
 For want of Honesty and Wit,
 hur Justice said 'twas hurs;
 And can you tell where he doth dwell
 that wrought us this Despight?
 For ought hur knows hur lives in Hell,
 she's such a wicked Wight.
 A little Boy now standing by
 told them where he did live,

The Author of their Villany
 a Groat to him they give;
 Unto this Woman's House they go.
 before a Justice bring hur,
 Where she was cast with much ado,
 in the Stocks they flogging hur.
 Now *Taffy* had his Heart's Desire,
 he had hur Company;
 But when he did begin to jeer,
 she in his Face did fly.
 She claw'd him so with all hur Nails,
 she made him almost mad;
 Hur was not used so in *Wales*,
 hur Luck was then so bad.
 Moreover, as hur understand,
 to add to hur Disgrace,
 The Queen she pissed in hur Hand,
 and cast it in hur Face.
 Cotsplutteranails beshrew hur Heart,
 was scurdey Quean and Whore.
 Hur scratched hur Face did now so smart,
 which made him cry and rore.
 Too soon I wish hur here, quoth he,
 but now I wish hur further.
 Or that from hur I might be free,
 for fear she should me murder.
 The Company that stood about
 did laugh at him a good,
 And very friendly help him out,
 because he pleas'd the Mood:

Now

Now glad was that hur out did get,
 and left his Foe behind,
 After they two so long had fight,
 and found the People kind:
 His scratched Face did vex him now,
 he thought upon this Thing;
 But not so much I tell you true,
 as Loss of this Gold Ring.
 He did not know then what to do,
 or where to lie that Night;
 He wandreth now to and fro,
 and kept from People Sight.
 At last unto a House he came,
 the People absent were;
 No Man no Master Maid nor Dame;
 and so he entred there;
 Unto the smoky Loft clim'd then,
 and to the Bacon crept;
 Now *Taffy* is a jovial Man,
 his Heart within him leapt:
 He cut the Bacon which was raw.
 no Bread at all did eat;
 Resolv'd to fill his hungry Maw,
 he lustily did feed;
 He fill'd his Pockets too beside,
 might serve him for To-morrow,
 He knew he must not there abide,
 'twas but the Fruits of Sorrow.
 But at length the Maid came in,
 then he could not get out;

To study now he doth begin
 to bring this Thing about;
 At length he was resolv'd to stay
 all Night until the **Morrow**,
 For fear they two should have a **Fray**,
 which might encrease his Sorrow.
 Well now the lusty Ploughmen came
 to feed and to carrouse;
 As for the Master and the Dame
 they supp'd at the next House.
 When the Ploughmen well had fed,
 to Bed they took their Way;
 For I have heard it often said,
 they rise by Break of Day.
 But Time brings all Things to an **End**,
 now home the Women came,
 With hur Husband, hur best Friend.
 who was a Cock o'th' Game;
 They wish'd the Maid to go to Bed,
 she need not be intreated;
 Whilst *Taffy* on the Bacon fed,
 and bravely he was seated:
 For he upon the Saddle sat,
 unknown unseen of all,
 All bedaub'd with Bacon fat,
 nor dreamed he should fall;
 They warm'd their Legs, and eke their Feet,
 the Man now wanton grows;
 For why he thought it not unmeet
 to play with his Wife's Toes;

The

Thou hast a pretty Foot, quoth he,
 a handsome Leg beside,
 A soft plump Thigh, a fair white Knee,
 which I have nigh espy'd.
 Now *Taffy* had a great Desire
 To play the saucy *Jack*,
 He peepeth down, and fell i'th' Fire,
 the Saddle on his Back.
 I've brought your Saddle home, he cry'd,
 I borrow'd of your Maid:
 The Men and Women stept aside,
 for they were sore afraid:
 They cry'd out most pitiously,
 their Case was so evil,
 Hoe Cob, hoe Cob, rise speedily,
 and help to kill the Devil.
 So when the Ploughmen did awake,
 the best was but a Clown,
 They each of them a Cudgel take,
 and knock poor *Taffy* down.
 They threw him in the Fire again,
 who was but now crept out:
 They said they had the Devil slain
 even by their Labour stout.
 His Bacon fried in his Poke,
 which moved them to Laughter,
 Whilst he lay broiling in the Smoke
 and curs'd them ever after.
 He tumbled out and thus did say,
 I take these Things in Snuff.

Pray

Pray give me Leave to go my Way,
 has punishment enough.
 The good Man quickly did agree,
 and jeer'd him with his Whimsey;
 Pray if you come again, quoth he,
 Friend come not down my Chimney.
 The Night was cold and dark, I wot,
 no Star was in the Sky,
 But as for Taffy he was hot,
 you know the Reason why.
 He was afraid of every Dog,
 when he was out of Town,
 Almost as naked as a Frog,
 with Grief he sat him down
 Upon a Bed of Nettles there,
 which stung him grievously;
 What with Pain, with Grief and Care,
 he wished he might die.
 He all in Darkness travelled,
 his nettled Flesh did smart;
 His blister'd Feet were gravelled,
 which griev'd him to the Heart;
 Yet he was musing in his Mind
 what house to go to next,
 Where he might some Provision find,
 for nothing more perplext.
 Though he had Bacon in his Poke
 might yield him some Relief;
 Yet Taffy, I have heard it spoke,
 was bred and born a Thief:

When

When hur saw the People work and toil,
 hur Shentleman was born;
 What was hur? think hur Horse or Mules
 hur work! no, think it Scorn.
 By this Time it was Break of Day,
 and he a Barn espy'd;
 He to this Barn did take his Way,
 his Nakedness to hide:
 He had not been there half an Hour,
 hur hardly sat him down,
 But Gypsies came in Number four,
 who came from *Guiltsford* Town:
 They took poor *Taffy* sure for Spite,
 and stood upon their Guard,
 They were prepared him to fight,
 which when he saw and heard,
 Hur cried out, hur was a Man,
 tho' by Misfortunes crost;
 That hur did swear by good *St Nun*
 hur Wits was almost lost.
 Hur told hur all hur Travels great,
 and hur Misfortunes many;
 How oft hur had been kick'd and beat,
 no Comfort had from any;
 And all because hur would not work,
 but lead an idle Life:
 And up and down the Country lurk,
 and the Cause of hur Strife.
 Kind Friend, quoth they, you shall be one
 of our Fraternity;

Our Secrets to you shall be known,
and we live happily.

We live as you do easily,
but have our Wits about us;

We never suffer'd Injury,
nor give them Cause to flout us.

I am your Servant and your Friend,
poor *Taffy* then reply'd,

I hope my Grief is at an End,
if I with you abide:

The first Design we'll set upon,
if you'll our Secrets keep,

Shall be (for ought we know) anon
when People are asleep:

And what was that, quoth *Taffy* then,
I do desire to know?

You look like good plain dealing Men,
What is it I must do?

Nothing but rob a House, quoth they,
of Bacon we'll tell you,

Quoth he I was in such a Fray,
here's some, I pray you fail too.

He pull'd a Piece out of his Poke,
the Bacon it was warm;

Quoth he this was in Fire and Smoke,
but I had all the Harm.

He shew'd his burned Back and Side,
his Hands, and eke his Face;

They laughed at his burned Side,
which he took in Disgrace.

They eat the Bacon greedily,
 and they tound Bread and Drink :
 They praised it exceedingly,
 although the same did stink.
 Well, now themselves to sleep they lay,
 no Dangers them affright ;
 Most commonly they sleep all Day,
 and do their Work by Night
 They all concluded at the last
 a Rope should him befriend ;
 That when the Danger it was past,
 it might be *Taffy's* End.
 This Practice wise Men will observe,
 a subtile Villany ;
 Some care not tho' their Country starve,
 so they may gain thereby.
Taffy, quoth they, your Office mind,
 we'll let you down the Chimney
 With this same Rope, and you shall find
 'twill be a gallant Whimsy.
 When thou art down the Bacon bind
 with the same Rope we give you,
 And we to you will then be kind,
 and with the same relieve you.
 When this is done, observe us then,
 we straight then up will haul you ;
 And you do think us honest Men,
 think not that we will fail you.
 They let him down, to Work he falls,
 the Bacon straight doth bind,

The

The Gypsies up the Bacon haul,
 and leave the Fool behind.
Taffy, we thank thee for our Swine,
 we can no longer stay;
 The Bacon's ours the Halter's thine;
 make Haste and get away.
 They cast the Halter on his Head,
 and call'd hur foolish Elf,
 And with the Bacon straight they fled,
 and bid him hang himself.
 Shame take you all, was serve hur to,
 hur best Days now are gone.
 Now out, alas! what shall hur do?
 hur now was quite undone
 Was find hur Heart to hang hurself,
 was take hur as a Thief;
 More Misery hur must endure,
 and to add Grief to Grief.
 Or else was broil hur on the Coals,
 as hur once did before.
 The World is full of Knaves or Fools,
 O there was never more:
 Hur will stand here, let what will come,
 out-face the worst of Evil:
 hur will not speak, hur being dumb,
 was take hur for the Devil;
 Was all bedaub'd hurself with Crook,
 was warrant hur will scare him;
 And stand as still as any Stick,
 no Matter though hur jeer hur.

Taffy now doth domineer,
 with Face as black as Hell;
Hur means to put them all in Fear,
 who in the House do dwell.
 Now down into the House hur comes,
 unto the Cupboard goes,
 The Bread and Butter so bethumbs,
 at last the Maid arose;
 Beholding there his ugly Face,
 she cried our amain;
 She runs up Stairs in little Space,
 for fear she should be slain.
 Master, quoth she, O save my Life.
 in such a Fear he put hur,
 The Devil's below with his long Knife,
 cutting of Bread and Butter.
 What, art thou mad, quoth he, my Wench?
 or art thou in a Dream?
 He took his Sword lay on a Bench,
 and down at length he came:
 The good Wife cried out amain,
 Heaven keep us from this Evil;
 Husband, come to Bed again.
 will you fight with the Devil?
 I prithee Wife let me alone,
 the Man did thus reply,
 If that this Devil be not gone,
 my Manhood I will try.
 But when he came the Devil to eye,
 he looked wondrous pale;

His Courage then he durst not try,
his Courage now doth fail.

The Man afraid, the Devil afraid,
stood gazing on each other:

At last the good Wife and the Maid
call'd down the good Man's Brother.

Brother, lend me your Sword, quoth he,
and I'll lend you my Aid;

But when he came this Devil to see,
he was as much afraid

When *Taffy* saw them all amaz'd,
he quickly march'd away;

Upon each other then they gaz'd,
and knew not what to say

They dined well, mark what ensu'd,
when as they came to sup,

They miss'd the Bacon, and conclude,
the Devil had eat it up.

Now *Taffy* is a lusty Blade,
possessed with strange Fits,

Made all the Children sore afraid.
almost besides their Wits.

The Children hiding Places sought,
he put them in such a Fear,

Least *Taffy* (who the Devil was thought)
would them in Pieces tear.

They durst not go to School by Day,
nor rest in Beds at Nights,

For fear he should fetch them away,
he put them in such Frights.

The

The Women at this Matters frown,
 and they conclude with Speed,
 To beat the Devil out of Town
 that did this Mischief breed;
 With Shovels, Spades, Staves and Stones,
 they beat poor *Taffy* so,
 That they had almost broke his Bones,
 which Cruelty doth shew.
 Upon his Hands and Feet he creeps,
 to shew that he was lam'd;
 And then he sits him down and weeps,
 his Courage now is tam'd.
 Unto the Church at last goes he,
 to hide him out of Sight;
 So then he thought he should be free
 from all their Hate and Spite.
 Within a Pew he closely lay
 all night untill the Morrow,
 Untill the Sexton came, they say,
 which did increase his Sorrow.
Taffy peep'd out with his black Snout,
 which made him sore afraid;
 He like a mad Man run about,
 and call'd aloud for Aid.
 Two hundred arm'd Men they brought,
 the Church encompass'd round,
 And for the Devil there they fought,
 and him at length they found.
 Art thou the Devil, quoth they, that dost
 scare all our Children so?

Or art thou some disturbed Ghost
that wandreth to and fro?

No, hur was Taffy was a Man,
of Flesh and Blood and Bone,
Was not believe hur, sell hur then,
or else let hur alone.

Thou art a Counterfeit, quoth they,
a false dissembling Knave;

Come, Gentlemen, bring him away,
he h s Reward may have.

Two hundred Men to guard him then
with Musquets. Pikes and Swords,
And they were not the meanest Men
the Country then affords.

Taffy long Time with them did trudge,
his Heart was wondrous sad,

They brought him then before a Judge,
where he his Judgment had;

He was to stand i'the Pilory
for four long Hours and more,

That all the Children might him 'spy
that he had scar'd before.

As many then against him came,
running with all Speed,

And their Indictments thus they frame,
if you please them to read.

Will you hear more, in Time you may,
my P n's at your commanding;

have no more at all to say.
for there I left him standing.

Taffy's.

Taffy's Indictment.

Imprimis, **F**OR troubling the Shepherd to help him out of the Pit.

Item, For selling the Jerkin for a Groat, which was borrowed of his Countryman Pinkin.

Item For casting stinking Fish and rotten Eggs into the Hostess's Face.

Item, For casting Dung into his Hostess's Son's Face.

Item, For casting Apples at the Countryman from the Tree, when he had the worst himself.

Item, For taking away the Gold Ring.

Item, For calling the Justice a Boobee

Item, For sitting in the stocks with an old Woman.

Item, For creeping up into the Smoke Loft, and then falling down into the Fire with a Pack Saddle on his Back.

Item, For acting the Devil's Part when he put all the House into a bodily fear.

Item, For scaring all the Children in the Town.

Item, For scaring the Sexton in the Church, for which loose Behaviour he was adjudged to the Pillory, where I leave him till the next Prank he shall play.

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